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THE BONNY BROWN MARE
AND
OTHER POEMS.



"The Bony Brown Mare."

THE

Bonny Brown Mare,

AND

Other Poems.

BY JOYCE WEBSTER.

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THE BONNY BROWN MARE.

THE bonny brown mare, with quarters like rocks,
The fine well-topped crest of the well set-on head,
Deep through the heart, well down at the hocks,
And a spirit that's never been beaten or lead.

Timber or hedgerow, no fence ever stops
The bonny brown mare, for she'll go till she drops.

With a coat of soft satin and a muzzle of tan,
There's no horse in the shires that with her could
compare,
And the day when I came 'neath the hunting squire's
ban,
Was the day when I beat him while riding the mare.
Though others be stout and as fleet as the wind,
The bonny brown mare always leaves them behind.

Howe'er stiff the leap that will hinder the hunt,
While others are searching around for a gap,
I set the brown mare at the loomer in front,
She clears it to spare and with never a rap.
For trust the old mare to stay true to her creed,
“Go the shortest way there, and then stick to the
lead !”

Though the pace be a cracker to the kill from the find,
 And though fences that meet us are thick-set and
 strong,

I give her more rein and she leaves 'em behind,
 With a touch of the spur and a flick of the thong.
 For though every fence has a post and a rail,
 Trust the brown mare not to falter or fail.

No gaps may be there, while not one could be bored,
 And the fence be untrimmed and the bull-finck be high,
 And many a good 'un will find himself floored,
 But together we'll be at the end, you and I.
 The best of the country ! Accept, those who dare,
 A challenge to vanquish the bonny brown mare.

TO D. P. R.



THEY said he was hard, with a heart made of stone,
 They spoke of his name with scorn ;
 Yet he fought his fight bravely, waiting, alone,
 For the light of the coming morn.
 And who ever thought of the anguish and pain
 Which he suffered, year after year ?
 And when to his last peaceful rest he was lain,
 Was any eye dimmed by a tear ?
 O, when thoughts return with memory's tide,
 Does any heart ache for the one who died ?

OLD LETTERS.

BE gentle with them, they were written by those
Whom you loved in the days that have sped,
And, when reading, recall back to mem'ry the past,
That with hope and your dear ones has fled.

Each one is a message to you from the years
That are dreams of the long, long ago,
Those years of the past you will never forget,
'Midst the rush of life's rapid flow.

Oh! sigh not to think that your dear ones have gone,
'Tis but a short time e'er you'll meet
Those whom you loved in the far away days,
And memories, ling'ring, are sweet.

They are but asleep, whom you fancied dead,
And are waiting to greet you again
On the shore they have reached, safe in harbour at last,
After years on life's troublesome main.



TO SYLVIA.

YOU are leaving your girlhood behind you,
 You are saying goodbye to your friends,
 With tokens from them to remind you
 That true honest love never ends.

And though you be parted by many a mile,
 Perchance with the ocean between,
 Let thoughts of your friends be as oft the while
 As they were in the days that have been.

I know you will never forget us,
 Nor scorn to remember the past,
 But by loving fond messages, let us
 Help to make memories last.

And though fate leads your friends far away
 (For some you may ne'er see again),
 May memories fond of your school-days here stay,
 Nor let your love ever wane.

The paths of life will different lie,
 What two alike have lain ?
 Yet who knows, while the years are speeding by,
 But what we may meet again ?

Though if not then 'tis indeed goodbye
 These few lines must convey,
 And remember my good wishes lie
 With you upon life's way.

SUNSET.

A S I gaze into the distance, o'er the tossing miles of sea,
 With the sweeten'd strains of music floating by,
 My heart feels strangely weary—what is all this world
 to me
 When I know my call is coming from on high.

This pain, forever with me, and this one desire for rest,
 The suff'rings day and night will soon be o'er ;
 And as I watch the sunset, gold and crimson in the west,
 E'en now I doubt to see it's glory more.

And yet 'tis hard to leave it, and the home on earth I love,
 The place where I have spent my childhood's days,
 The long and winding hill-side, the old grey house above,
 The oaks that shielded from the heating rays.

Oh, Lord, do not keep me waiting, 'tis hard to linger here,
 Each moment do I feel the parting more ;
 Till I think upon that land wherein is never shed a tear,
 Where all who gain it know their grief is o'er.



HOW THE SQUIRE RACED THE TIDE.

'TWAS a night in December, how well I remember,
 How the wind and the rain sternly battled outside !
 As we sat round the fire for a chat with the squire,
 We could hear o'er the storm the loud boom of the
 tide.

But little cared we for the call of the sea,
 As we talked of the topics most dear to man's heart,
 Of the hound and the horse, and the reynard of course,
 Of the glorious runs in which we'd taken part.

When young Harry Brock, who rode like a jock,
 Broke one of those pauses which frequently fall,
 By asking the squire, as he stirred up the fire,
 "Was it a favourite's portrait that hung on the
 wall ?"

"A fav'rite, lads ? Aye ! And will be till I die,
 Though 'tis long since old Daisy was laid to her rest !
 By that blood 'un, King Cole, she was old Mermaid's foal,
 Of all I have ridden that mare's been the best.

The flickering blaze showed the mare to our gaze,
 As we looked at the painting so truly portrayed ;
 Though wanting in size, she'd strong quarters and thighs,
 Made all over like one that for months might have
 stayed.

But ling'ring surprise was in ev'ryone's eyes,
 We had oft seen the Squire on a better than she,
 And I felt that some story in which she'd gained the glory
 Of favoritism there surely must be.

I so told the Squire as he puffed at his brier,
 And thought his voice broke as he slowly replied :
 "Aye, Jim, you are right, and 'twas just such a night
 Since together we two, on the shore, raced the tide.

And if you fellows care to hear how that mare
 Saved the life of her master who since has grown old,
 On that long ago night with the storm at its height,
 You may laugh at it, lads, when the story is told !

Many years have gone by and dimm'd is my eye,
 Since a group of young comrades sat round in this
 room ;
 As it is so to-night, the fire was our light,
 And we talked of the horses and hounds, in the gloom.

We were all wild and daring, for troubles none caring,
 We had drunk pretty freely and strong was the wine,
 I was chaff'd 'bout the mare by young Philip Adair,
 Who jeeringly laughed at 'that chestnut of mine.'

It did not take long e'er our words became strong,
 And in vehement anger I rose from my chair,
 While with passionate heat I declared any feat
 Would not be too hard for my bonny old mare.

Then Phil said with zest, 'We'll put that to test,'
 He paused for a moment, and glanced at the clock,
 ' In two hours 'tis high tide, I'll lay you can't ride
 On your small chestnut mare to Red Reveller's Rock.'

Assenting, I spoke, and the strained silence broke,
 The others tried hard to prevent the wild ride ;
 But no warnings I'd heed, and with Philip agreed
 To wager a hundred the mare'd race the tide.

The night was pitch dark, 'twas no time for a lark,
 But the daring and venture stole into my vein
 As I rode o'er the heath, with the good mare beneath
 Playfully battling for freedom and rein.

The grim cliffs looked bleak when we reached Parting
 Creek,
 And 'twas here that our race with the tide would begin.
 Though we spoke not a word, in the distance all heard,
 The moaning storm rising,—ah, mare, could we win ?

Then I spoke to Adair, put spurs to the mare,
 With a plunge we were off in the black of the night !
 I sat down to ride her, unable to guide her,
 And longed for the moon to shed forth her clear light.

While the tide inward crept stray boulders she leapt,
 Turning sharply aside from some dangerous ground ;
 With a clear stretch ahead, like an arrow she sped,
 Clearing the sand with a thoroughbred's bound.

Never resting she went, till the signs of the spent
 Made themselves tell on the bonny old mare;
 The moans of the wind shrieked before and behind,
 And I cursed my wild words and young Philip Adair!

Was that Beacon's Light, that mere speck to my right?
 One half of our ride and the mare nearly spent!
 The waves cooled her feet e'er their rapid retreat,
 While no longer the spur thrust a fresh effort lent.

The battling waves rose as fierce hungry foes,
 They swept o'er her fetlocks, they reached to her knees,
 The mare drooped her head, all hope lay as dead—
 And we? We were lost 'midst that wide stretch of seas.

Yet was all hope dead? Had ev'ry chance fled?
 In that wavering moment God came to my aid,
 On, mare, once again, on with spur, whip, and rein,
 Ever willing and faithful the chestnut obeyed.

As the sharp rowel sank in the hot trembling flank,
 She stumbled and struggled against each wild wave,
 And breathlessly strained, till our harbour we gained,
 My one place of refuge, near Lea Hollow Cave.

There loomed the grim cliff, the climb would be stiff,
 But I knew my sole chance in that risk had to lie!
 Cursing Philip Adair, I sprang from the mare,
 With my cheek pressed against her, I wished her
 good-bye.

Limbs aching and stiff, I scaled the black cliff,
 For those awful minutes the peril I braved ;
 But 'twas over at last, the danger was passed,
 I had reached the high goal, and Thank God ! I was
 saved.

Morn broke before I knew any more,
 Then, for many long days, I lay tossing in bed ;
 But as time passed away, they told me one day
 How the mare had been found, near the cave, lying
 dead.

Cold and stiff in each limb, her eye glazed and dim,
 By the rocks rudely battered, her chestnut skin torn,
 Dark seaweed around her, some labourers found her,
 Thrown up by the tide, as a victim, next morn."

Then paused the squire, we gazed into the fire,
 For the old sportsman's story had touched one and all ;
 While he, with a sigh, and a tear in his eye,
 Looked up at the picture that hung on the wall.

From his rev'rie he woke, and quietly he spoke :
 " The moral of this, lads, you've all seen of course;
 That you'll never regret it, nor live to forget it,
 If you make not a foe, but a friend of your horse."



“TO ‘MIND ME OF ‘OO.’”

IN an English meadow the scene is laid,
 With a boy and girl at play;
 No thoughts that sadden the heart are theirs
 To mar the brightness of day.
 Little heed they of the long years to come,
 'Tis the present they live in alone,
 Enjoying each day with their innocent glee
 In a gay little world, all their own.
 Bright be the flowers that bloom in the fields
 And bright be the skies far above,
 But brighter than all are childhood's young dreams,
 Made purer by perfect love.
 And the lark overhead, in tones sweet and clear,
 His message of peace gaily sings,
 Mingling his songs with the children's below
 Till the earth with their sweet music rings.
 While the dark eyed boy plucks a daisy white,
 And gives it the blue eyed child,
 As an emblem of all that is white souled and pure,
 Humble, though growing so wild.
 As the little girl laid it against her fair cheek,
 Love brightened those eyes of blue,
 And in tones sweetly childish, she tenderly said :
 “I'll keep it to 'mind me of 'oo.”



The years had fled and the scene is changed,
 Leaving that meadow afar,

Trackless miles of the sea leave the peace all behind,
 And open the terror of war.

Night, dark'ning the sky, looms over the veldt,—
 That boundless South African plain,—
 And the groans of the dying are heard on each side,
 As the sufferers writhe in their pain.

'Midst dying and wounded that solemn night
 We see the brown eyed boy
 Still and white 'neath the rising light,
 With a smile of heavenly joy.

No more would he hear the bugle's call
 For his last long home he had gained,
 Foemen and comrades, God gathers them all
 When the time for their rest they've attained.

'Neath the same, great stretch of moonlit sky
 The clear but fitful ray
 Which saw the boy on the battlefield die
 So many miles away,

On a blue eyed maid gleamed bright and clear,
 In old England's peaceful land,
 And in the silence there fell a tear
 On the flower she held in her hand.

Only a daisy, once pure and white,
 But now it is withered and old,
 And it's petals turned brown by many years blight,
 But to her 'tis a treasure of gold.

Oh, blue eyed maid, your lover is dead
 On the battle-field over the wave,
 The African veldt is your soldier boy's bed,
 And un-named lies his lonely grave.

How many times in the long years to come

Will tears dim your eyes of blue,
 When words will return with memory's tide,
 "I'll keep it to 'mind me of 'oo ? "

THE PATH OF LIFE.

THE Path of Life is crossed with thorns
 Yet walk we not alone,
 For one above will succour us
 And hear our every moan.
 And though the thorns may gash our feet
 As weary grows the way,
 When all around is dark and black,
 Without one hopeful ray,
 Remember there is One who knows,
 That He is with you still,
 And all your sorrows, all your woes,
 You suffer through God's will.
 But place your trust in Him as guide,
 He will lead you, day by day,
 Till life is past and grief is o'er,
 Safe through the narrow way.
 Let prayer your solace ever be
 In danger, peace, or strife,
 Keep God's word well, so you may earn
 An everlasting life.

HIS LAST RIDE.

HIS last ride ! How little he knew when he mounted
the mettlesome bay,
That when waiting in the paddock, 'twas the last time
he'd hear them say :
“ Ride your own race, but get well away, without losing
time at the gate,
He's game as they make 'em, but keep him in hand,
don't bustle, remember the weight ! ”
He stroked the gloss'd neck, the colt whinnied reply as
he saw the glitt'ring silks shine,
Thousands greeting the bay with one ringing cheer as
they left the paddock in line ;
Then off in the canter, with a rush past the stands, the
leader a strapping dark grey—
Back to the post they smartly line up, in five minutes a
shout : “ They're away ! ”
A stampede to the front, how the bays pulls ! There,
steady, my boy, not so fast !
Come back to the others, there's plenty of time, keep
that great rush for the last.
Oh, what finer sight can there be than that of each
noble steed
Fighting for honour and glory, struggling to win and to
lead.
There ! Look at them fighting it gamely, racing over
the course,
Watchful eyes for a break in the fore, each rider
“ nursing ” his horse.

The bay and the grey are neck to neck, a swerve from
in front, they collide !

A brown jumps one of the fallen ones, a black's knocked
out of his stride.

* * * * *

The race is won, the victory gained, but a hush has
come over the crowd—

The great willing grey has finished his work, a shot rings
out, clear and loud ;

But the little bay colt needs not this last help, with an
effort, he raises his head

To nozzle the hand of the rider he loved—the rider,
alas ! who is dead.

KISMET.



AS I wander round each panelled room
And through the firelit hall,
I ask, while the evening shadows gloom,
“Have I to leave it all ?”

Ancestral portraits to say would seem,
As their faces gaze down from the wall,
“One day you will wake from this earthly dream,
Only to leave it all !”

I shall not wander oft again,
By now it is evening fall,
And this world's pleasure, grief, and pain,
God wills I leave them all.

THE DOCTOR.

BE the distance so long, and the weather what may,
 Through scorching heat or the snow,
 The doctor is wanted each day after day,
 Where'er he's called must he go.
 It may be to a lord in his old-fashioned hall,
 Or the squalid rooms of the poor,
 The rich and the poor, he visits them all,
 And watches both passing death's door.
 One life he may save, the other one win,
 He takes whate'er falls to his lot—
 He is called to save those who are branded by sin,
 And knows, but refuses them not.
 Nay, it is not for him to think of the stain
 That dyes a poor sufferer yet—
 He must seek to alloy and soften the pain,
 And nature's black side must forget.
 Innocent child, harden'd man he must tend,
 To sinner and babe e'er the same,
 Rich and the poor both alike must befriend
 Till they revere and bless his good name.
 Ah! often misjudged, while termed bitter and cold,
 Though ever amidst death's dark strife,
 That which should stand in one clear flame of gold,
 Is the work of a doctor's true life.

DOES HE KNOW ?

WHEN in the paddock before the great race,
The contest in which he so soon will take place,
When words of approval are heard on each side,—
Don't you believe that he hears them with pride ?

When out of the paddock and on to the course,
In a straight single file and each horse follows horse,
With a smooth swinging stride in the canter they go,—
You who are watching, d'ye think he doesn't know ?

When with fev'rish impatience at the post he's to wait
And he wants to jump off, no moment too late,
When he watches the "tapes" with an anxious eye,—
How hard be the fight he is willing to try.

When the race has begun, and the pace is made fast,
When the wait at the post is a thing of the past,
And, seeing an op'ning, the colt dashes in,—
D'ye think he doesn't know he's expected to win ?

When rounding the bend 'midst the rush of the race,
And though wildly he fights he is shut out of place,
While he chafes at the touch, so light on the rein,—
D'ye say he doesn't know that he struggles in vain ?

And when past the corner he gallops alone,
The horse knows as man that his best chance has flown,
By a heart-breaking effort he reaches the rest,—
Oh, you who are watching, he has done but his best.

As he fast nears the leaders, and a shout rends the air,—
 Do you think he does not know, and he does not care ?
 With his heart nearly breaking, his nostrils extend,
 As the game little colt means to fight to the end.

He reaches the foremost, they race head to head,
 The hope once more rises that was once almost dead ;
 Under whip and sharp spur, never flinching but game,—
 Can you deny that he struggles for fame ?

Ah, yes ! he knows it, as they flash past the post,
 The other has won—by a head at the most !
 As he gasps hard for breath, with his eye glazed and
 dim,—

Severest of critics, how can you blame him ?

When back to the paddock, 'midst a coarse jeering crowd,
 When his name is derided and curses are loud,
 While his hot sides are aching, and his head is hung
 low,—

Who can truthfully say that the horse does not know ?



TO AN OLD HORSE.

Y
OU are far away from the green-clad course,
 And the roar of the crowd is still,
 But in dreams do you fancy that yet, old horse,
 You are breasting the slopes with a will ?
 While a lean brown head has reached to your girth,
 And the goal which you race for is near,
 As you lay yourself out o'er the soft green earth
 'Midst the roar of an echoing cheer ?
 And dream you yet of that last great stride
 Which placed your head to the fore ?
 And that glorious moment of triumph and pride
 Though your spur-gashed ribs were sore ?
 Ah, well, old horse, it is only a dream,
 And the years have passed over you since
 You saw the bright silks all glitter and gleam,
 And the thrust of the spur made you wince.
 And now you enjoy the rest you have earned
 In a paddock where sweet grass is green,
 But yet in your peace have you not sometimes yearned
 For the days of the past which have been ?



ON THE MOTOR CAR.

THE Motor Car's established, it has really come to stay,
 Though they're tried with all their might and main
 to keep the thing away;
 The work's been hard to do it, but it's shown it's grit
 and won,
 And many are the wondrous deeds this horseless car has
 done.
 They've "hushed up" crying babies, and killed off dogs
 and cats,
 While one or two good steeds they've spared from finding
 gold at "Tatts,"
 The p'licemen they have humbled—they know the traps
 they've laid,
 Yet not a bit of extra care around that beat is made.
 Not a rap for all their fines and costs the chauffeurs
 seem to care,
 Though when their licence is endorsed, they're some-
 times heard to swear !
 When along the dusty highways and villages they fly,
 They never heed the p'licemen's loud, exceeding bitter
 cry;
 They're sure that copper did not mean to be so darned
 unkind
 As to spoil their pleasant outing when they were trav'lling
 like the wind,
 He only saved his skin in time by getting in the way
 Just to wish the passing motor a "God speed" and
 "Good day."

And when the chauffeur blows his horn, don't jump into
 his course,
 For then he will not hurt more than he who drives a
 horse;
 And if you will but aid him by not getting in his way—
 You will find he is not bad now that he's brought his
 car to stay.

BABY OF MINE.

BABY of mine, with your eyes of blue
 In your dainty wee cot you lie,
 Life is not dreamland the whole way through,
 With never a cloud in the sky.

Ah ! Baby of mine, there is nothing you know
 Of the world and its cruel ways,
 Life is not always one peaceful flow
 That is marked by the sunny days.

Let childhood's rest thy work prepare
 For the troubles that may be thine,
 E'er comes the worry of work and care,
 Sleep peacefully, baby of mine.



THE STORY OF A CAB HORSE.

DO you wish to learn how I came to this stand ?
 Well, hark whilst I tell the story
 How nearly the whole of a gallant band
 Fell covered with honour and glory.
 I remember the day of the battle,
 I had oft seen the blood-shed before,
 Heard the wounded ones scream, and shot rattle,
 And the cannon's echoing roar.
 So I only watched as we waited,
 Impatient to hear the war's cry,
 Wondering who might be fated
 To leave the field or to die !
 We stood there, eager and ready,
 My master and I to the fore ;
 All waiting like rocks, and as steady,
 Though filled with the battle lore.
 My rider spoke as he bent down low
 To shorten the stirrup leather,
 “ Captain, old horse, I feel—nay, I know,
 That this is our last ride together.
 'Neath Southern skies forgotten I'll lie
 No stone to my grave will be seen ;
 As a soldier should, God grant I may die,
 In defence of my country and Queen.”
 Those words were his last to me that he spoke,
 I but faintly remember the rest,
 Amidst that wild rush of cannon and smoke

As we fought till the sun left the west.
 Brave men were shot to our left and our right,
 We galloped like mad where they lay,
 For we could not avoid them, try as we might,
 We could not turn out of our way.

The cannon's loud boom, accompanied by flame,
 The screams of the wounded around,
 All rang in our ears as we, gasping and lame,
 Slipped on the blood covered ground.

I carried my master as well as I could,
 He was e'er in the thick of the fight
 Defending his Queen as an Englishman should,
 Fighting for honour and right.

But we were outnumbered, the foe'd gained the day,
 When a bullet whizzed by my head,
 My rider lurched forward, I felt him sway,
 Ah ! would it had struck me instead.

I steadied my rush, 'twas all in vain—
 He fell as he whispered good-bye ;
 My master was rolled 'mongst those of the slain,
 And as he had wished did he die.

Oh, to have turned again to his side,
 To have guarded him as he lay ;
 But I was swept on by that human tide
 Unwillingly into the fray.

I tried in the ranks to retrieve my place,
 As too many of us had done,
 But the death dealing sabers which flashed in face,
 Turned me out, to stray all alone.

Then fear overcame me for now I was left
 With the dead and wounded around,

Of my master and friend for ever bereft,
 Alone on that great slaughter ground,
 When a soldier, whose horse had been shot in the
 fight,
 Sprang into the saddle, once more
 We were striving 'gainst odds with our combined
 might

As my master and I did before.
 But it was not for long, we'd to own defeat,
 Our men were outnumbered and few,
 And clear o'er war's din the call for retreat
 The bugle decisively blew.
 Back we all came, o'er that battle scorched plain,
 Back o'er the bodies of dead,
 Where foemen and comrades lay wounded or slain,
 Where my master's death bullet had sped.
 Ah! But few returned of that gallant band,
 But few remained to tell
 How those we left in that foreign land
 Fought for their country and fell.
 And of those noble steeds that went forth that
 day
 There returned about one in each four,
 The rest, cold and still, on the battle-field lay,
 Never to rise any more.
 But I was sent home when peace was proclaimed,
 Leaving that death scene afar,
 Ragged and starving, sabered, and lamed
 By a wound received in the war.
 Yet what though to-day I have to stand
 In a cab rank, hungry and lean,

I carried my master, with that brave band
 Who fell for it's country and Queen.
 My master ! I never forgot him,
 Though 'tis long since I saw him lie dead,
 And I wish that the bullet which shot him
 Had ended my toil of life instead.

A LONG FAREWELL.

A KINDLY word, a cheerful smile,
 A grip of the hand in farewell,
 Though hearts beat heavy with a grief the while
 Which no earthly joy could quell.

A silent prayer, a sad good-bye,
 Then back to the lonely home,
 With many a tear and many a sigh,
 For one far away on the foam.

Eyes that are dimmed by off-shed tears,
 A heart never ceasing to yearn,
 And a memory never to fade with the years
 For the lad who will never return.



WHERE THE GREY MARE FELL.

'T IS down 'neath the hollow where stout is the thorn,
 Impenetrable as a wall,
 Where it needs of the best that ever ate corn
 To get over it's banks without fall.
 It's bull-finch the hardest of riders will stop,
 The bravest of hearts it will quell,
 And many's the horse that has risen, to drop
 O'er the place where the grey mare fell.

And many a horse in it's fight to get o'er
 Has fallen there, never to rise,
 While it's rider has risen with limbs that are sore
 To curse at the stout black-thorn's size.
 And many a saddle's been emptied there
 And many a man could tell
 Of a broken limb he has suffered, where
 Is the place where the grey mare fell.

But though the steeds who've died there are many,
 Stout as steel or fleet as a hare,
 There have been but few of those horses, if any,
 Could have rivalled the bonny grey mare.
 But the years roll by and the pluckiest still
 Follow the hounds o'er the dell,
 To risk their necks of their own free will
 O'er the place where the grey mare fell,

A HUNTING SONG.

HE'RE'S to the fox that will lead us a ringer
O'er meadow and furrow, o'er upland and vale;
And here's to the fence that will cause some to linger,
While courage will waver and faces will pale.

So fill up your glasses, and let us all drink
To the sport that will never grow weary or tire,
And long life and good luck to our comrades in pink,
The pick of the country, the cream of the shire.

And here's to the hound that will never be beaten,
The hound that is worth more to sportsmen than
gold;

That will go till it's finished and reynard is eaten,
As long as the scent that he follows will hold.
So fill up your glasses, etc.

And here's to the horse that will carry it's rider
Through the hardest of runs, and will go till it drops;
And though leaps are the highest, brooks couldn't be
wider,

No fence it encounters e'er hinders or stops.
So fill up your glasses, etc.

And here's to the sportsman who's in at the finish
Though strong be the pace from the moment they
found,

Whose courage, unfailing, will never diminish,
Though the country is blind and the ditches abound.
So fill up your glasses, etc.

And long life to the master, the best of all fellows,
 Who's never so glad as when autumn is red,
 When summer has passed and the leaf seers and
 yellows,
 When the sport of the winter is looming ahead.
 So fill up your glasses, and let us all drink
 To the sport that will never grow weary or tire,
 And long life and good luck to our comrades in pink,
 The pick of the country, the cream of the shire.

IN AN OLD CHURCHYARD.

SIENT, grey stones ! You shelter the dead,
 You cast your proud shade over those 'neath the sod,
 Those who were weary, who gratefully sped
 For comfort and peace on the bosom of God.

Ah, hallowed stones ! Now crumbling away,
 The green grass has sprung o'er the once tended graves,
 And, hallowed by time, you fall to decay,
 Whilst over God's acre the thistledown waves.



THE PRIDE OF THE KENNEL, THE PICK OF THE STALL.

THE pride of the kennel, inheriting both
 The speed of his mother, the strength of his sire,
 For a burst after quarry ne'er known to be lothe,
 The first to give voice and the last one to tire.
 The soonest to come to the old huntsman's call,
 Is his tan and white fav'rite, the best of 'em all.

The pick of the stable, the best one to ride
 From all of the horses they have in the shire,
 With quarters like rocks, a long sweeping stride,
 And game to the heart, with a spirit of fire.
 The first to get over, the last one to fall
 Is the huntsman's old fav'rite, the pick of the stall.

You doubt my word, stranger? Well, if you've the
 mind,
 For a couple to beat them, look well and look wide,
 And I'll wager a lifetime that you'll never find
 A finer to follow, or a better to ride.
 For the talk of the cottage, the talk of the hall,
 Is the pride of the kennel, the pick of the stall.



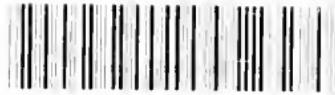
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